Northern Messenger

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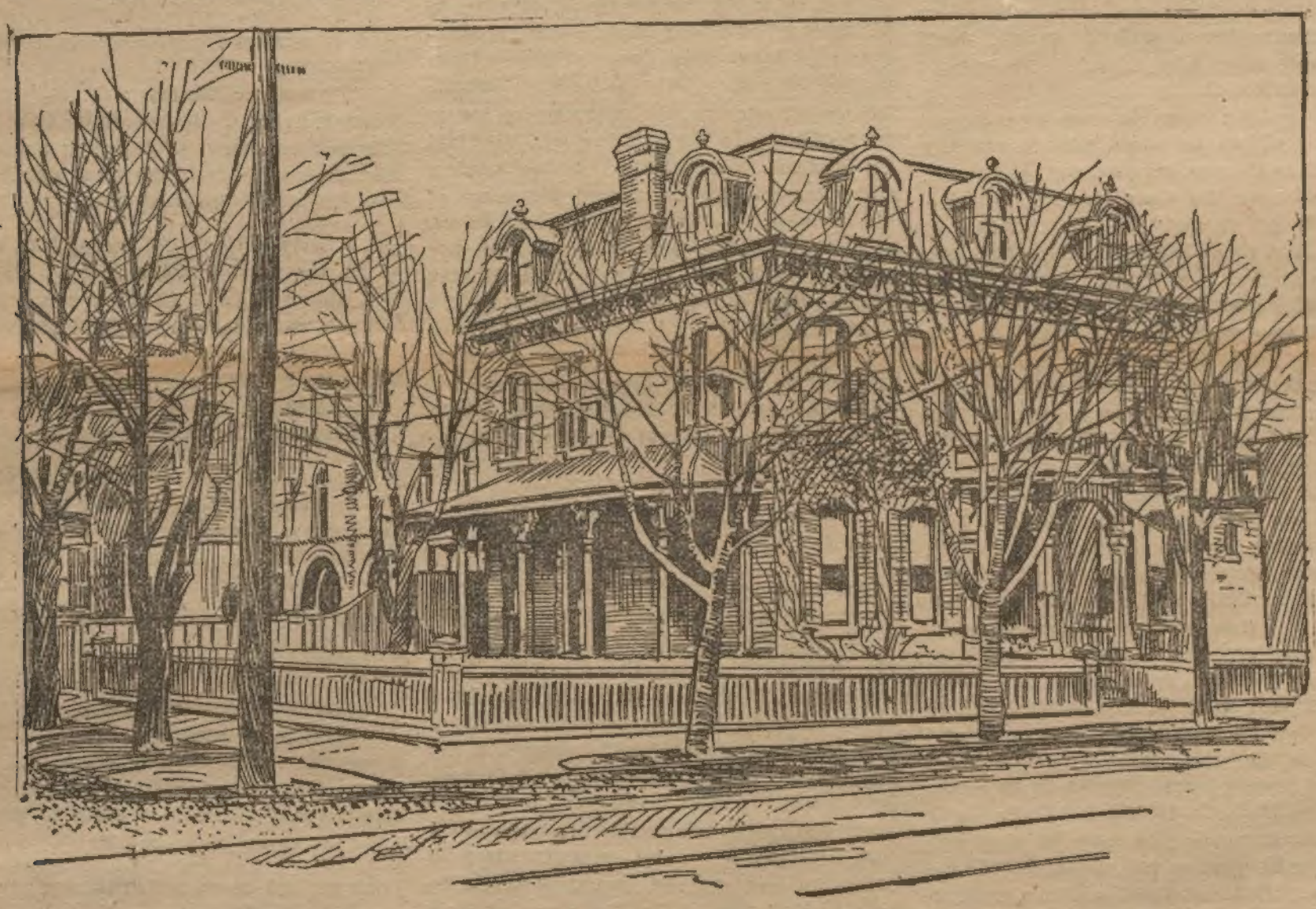
The Home of the China Inland Mission, Toronto.

At the opening services last fall in the new China Inland Mission, Toronto, Mr. Frost gave a very interesting address, narrating how the Lord had wonderfully led them from one Home in Toronto to another in the years that had gone past, and at last to the one they now occupy. Referring to it, he said :

'For seven long years we waited upon God in our last Home, for funds to purchase it or another like it. Over and over again, as we were making our prayer before him, we asked him to lead us to the place he would have us be. We have looked at this house and that, wondering if the Lord had this or that in mind for us, and at last, after seven years, his time for answering our prayer has come; for lately there came a letter from a distant country, and it told us that the writer of it had received a gift of money, and that he was purposing to send it to us for the purchase of a Mission Home. The gift when received amounted to a little less than five thousand dollars, and it was designated for the purpose of securing us a Home in this city. Just after I had received this communication, looking out now with a very real interest at one place and another, I passed up town one day in the cars on Church street. As I did so I turned around and saw a sign at this corner, advertising this house for sale. The moment I looked at the sign I had the feeling that this was the place God would have us buy. A little later Mrs. Frost asked me if I had noticed that this place was for sale, and she wondered if it was not the place God would have us have. Then Mr. Helmer and I came down to look it over; and as we went from room to room, we thought if the Lord had built the house for us we could not have been better suited. Almost every room in the house was what we wanted it to be; the only thing that has been necessary has been the opening of this arch here, to throw these three rooms together for our prayer-meeting services.

I will not enlarge upon the story; but it has been very beautiful the way the Lord has led us step by step. It is not often that we speak about the kindness of particular individuals, for it is not our desire to praise men; but I cannot fail to say to-night, that God led us not only to the right home, but to the right owners. The kindness that has been shown to us by the owners of this property, under the peculiar circumstances of our not being able to go into debt, and of our not being willing even to sign a mortgage, is something we shall long remember; and their generous offer of sale, and the other generous offer of furnishings in the house which succeeded that first offer, are things which we shall not forget, and which we speak of for the praise of our covenant-keeping God. Thus step by step the Lord has led us on. Under the guiding hand of dear Mr. Sampson here the trust deed was finally drawn up, and the property was secured. Then the back premises had to be altered for offices, and thus we had to wait upon God for the funds needed for this. Before ever the plans were fully drawn for the alterations of the back premises, however, a dear friend came in and laid in our hands a cheque for two hundred and fifty dollars, asking us to use it for any purpose in connection with this Home. This money was afterwards applied to the purchase of the Home. Our prayers being continued another gift was sent us of some three hundred dollars, with the request that we use it in connection with the Home as we thought best; and this was used for furnishing the Home. Another gift from China was received, and with this a part of the prayer-meeting chairs were bought. A pastor in the city came in and added four dollars to this gift—the very amount we wanted at that time to make up the seating capacity of the room. Then a gift of five hundred dollars was put at our disposal for the renovations in the rear, and there followed this another gift of five hundred dollars, designated for the same renovations, together with a gift of two thousand dollars to apply to the reduction of the principal. Here we are therefore, to-night, dear friends, in this beautiful Home, which has been given in this way.



CHINA INLAND MISSION HOME, TORONTO.

We must close this story here. One could speak of other things; but this only will I add. We beseech of you, to pray that this may be a hallowed Home, and that it may be separated unto God by his Spirit for blessing to this city, this continent, and to the regions beyond.

A Triumphant Life.

(The Rev. William M. Upcraft, Yachau, China.)

'Teacher, teacher, Yang kway woo has passed over,' the boy shouted, bursting into my room.

'What? Who?'

'Yang kway woo passed over at daylight on New Year's morning.'

As the full import of the hasty message

broke in upon me, I knew the little church at Yachau had lost one of its pillars.

Yang kway woo was born fifty-five years ago in the large market village of Tsaoba, ten miles from Yachau, where for the last thirty years he has had a position of influence as public vaccinator, Yachau being in this respect ahead of many other towns. When the mission was begun he was among the first visitors, coming for medical help in an eye trouble, but he made no impression on us then.

Two years passed, and a Chinese brother went to Tsaoba to work in the gospel. Yang kway woo met him and took him home to lodge. In due course Yang came to Yachau and was introduced to the missionary. From this time his visits were frequent, and his zeal in learning and witnessing quite remarkable. Being fairly well off, thus having a good deal of leisure time, he made great progress and soon we began to hear from one and another of the new doctrine that Yang was preaching. In his family, too, there was a great change. Christian tracts were posted up about the house, the boys and girls were taught Christian truths, and family worship was made the rule. One morning when there were visitors in the house, and all much interested in talking of the gospel, his little son came and pulled his father's sleeve, saying, 'Daddie, don't you know what time it is? We haven't had worship yet.'

Many a time when he has been in the city on business, he would take opportunity to speak in the evening meetings, and it was a joy to hear the clear ring of his testimony though it might become necessary to put an arm about him in order to help him to stop.

His oft-repeated note of praise would be couched in something like the following terms: 'To think of God's great grace in sending the teachers all the way from America to tell us this good news! Oh, but it is wonderful! wonderful! My poor countrymen, they don't know! they don't know! If they knew they would never persecute this great Saviour's disciples'—the utterance of a great longing for other souls.

His one standing regret was: 'Ah me! Ah me! to think that I never heard this before! It has come so late, my strength is gone and my eyes are weak; I can't see and I can't walk to do the work of witnessing such as I want to do. It has come so late, so late!' And truly it was our regret as well as his.

About a week before he died he was summoned to the city to see the prefect with respect to an application made by some outsiders for his post as vaccinator, but the application failed, and the Christians were rejoicing in God's hand in the matter.

It was a cold, raw morning when Yang left the city for his home, and a chronic bronchial affection was active, but not worse than we had often seen before, so there was no apprehension for him. He took both my hands in his at parting, little thinking I should see his face no more, and assured me of his daily prayers for me and the work, adding, 'At Tsaoba there are more than ten men who are interested in the Truth who will come with me after the new year to study the Truth—never fear, God is with us.' And so he went, his last word to me one of cheer. The sedan broke down on the way and gave him a shock; he was chilled through and fever ensued, so he set himself to die.

Calmly and with rejoicing he made his last dispositions. Calling his wife and children about him, sending for those who were not living at home, he gathered them around his bed, and said, 'I am going over, my children, but don't be afraid, don't worry. When I am gone send for the teacher and he will tell you what to do. Don't have any kind of heathen ceremony about me, but do exactly as the teacher tells you. Promise me.' And they did so.

This was our first funeral and they didn't understand how a Christian should be laid away, hence these instructions.

Continuing his dying requests to them, as one easily imagines old Jacob did to his boys in Egypt, Yang said: 'I am happy in the Saviour, but before I pass over I want you to promise me that through all your life you will cleave to and never desert this great Saviour.' So, beginning with his wife, he passed around one by one, they, little and big, answering that truly for life they would follow and never turn back on this Saviour Jesus. Hearing this the dying saint clapped his hands in an ecstasy of joy crying, 'I am so happy, so happy,' and so passed on to be with Jesus.

Zealous in life, strong in death, Yang kway woo has bequeathed to this little church a memory embalmed in good deeds and fragrant with increasing love.

By their own request the Yachau circle of believers made the journey of ten miles, so that escorting the departed Christian to his narrow house they might honor his memory and witness to the gospel of Christ. Upon the hillside overlooking the valley where his life was spent, and just as the spring leaves were opening to the growing sun, we 'laid the pilgrim in a chamber whose window opens towards the sunrising; the name of the chamber was Peace,' and there he sleeps.

As thou readest this, O Friend, fail not to give thanks to Almighty God for the sweet solace given to our brother in the shadow of death, and for the hope now springing in his family; pray also that his life may be as a seed cast into the ground, bringing much fruit in the region round about Yachau.—'Baptist Missionary Magazine.'

What Are Missionaries Doing?

The wise newspapers of a certain class, never more owllike-wise than when they are talking of matters they know little about, are showing that the Chinese don't want the Gospel, that they won't pay the least attention to it—and yet that the success of missionaries in preaching the Gospel is the bitter annoyance which has incited the present disturbances. Therefore the missionaries are fools, attempting an impossible task, and also successful agitators, much to blame for war and riot, and they should be sent home to preach in the slums of New York or Chicago.

The fact of the matter is that this unnoticed self-contradiction of the critics of missionary work is a genuine tribute to the quality of the Gospel leaven. Christ called it leaven—and it works! There is nothing strange or new about that.—'Christian Endeavor World.'

Is Your Soul Insured?

'Pa,' said a little boy, as he climbed to his father's knee and looked into his face so earnestly, as if he understood the importance of the subject, 'Pa, is your soul insured?'

'What are you thinking about, my son?' replied the agitated father. 'Why do you ask that question?'

'Why, pa, I heard Uncle George say that you had your house insured, and your life insured; but he didn't believe you had thought of your soul, and he was afraid you would lose it; won't you get it insured right away?'

The father leaned his head on his hand and was silent. He owned broad acres of land that were covered with a bountiful produce, his barns were even now filled with plenty, his buildings were all well covered by insurance; but, as if that would not suffice for the maintenance of his wife and only child in case of his decease, he had, the day before, taken a life policy for a large amount; yet not one thought had he given to his own immortal soul.

On that which was to waste away and become part and parcel of its native dust, he had spared no pains; but for that which was to live on and on through the long ages of eternity, he had made no provision. 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'—American paper.

We Are About to Live.

Ah! hush, for our feet are touching the brink
Of the great Eternity;
Let us rest a moment and try to think,
This short existence will soon be past,
And we shall burst forth into life at last;
For we are about to live.

Though our spirits are caged in a world of strife,
'Tis not for Eternity;
Though living we do not enjoy true life,
'Tis but a moment of suffering and care,
And then we'll enter the great somewhere;
Where we are about to live.

Our unanswered prayers are waiting there
In the great Eternity;
God gathered them all from everywhere,
Though we sent them out 'mid anguish and tears,
They came not back through the weary years;
He kept them that we might live.

We look at things through the light of time,
God sees through Eternity;
We cannot follow His thoughts divine,
For our thoughts are cramped in a human brain
And our lives are crushed with suffering and pain;
But we are about to live.

'Yes, we are about to live and reign
Through all Eternity;
Jesus, the Lamb of God, was slain
That all our sins might be forgiven,
And we might pass from earth to Heaven;
Where we are about to live.

Look up, sad heart, and trust and pray,
God rules Eternity;
Thousands of souls have lost their way,
Ah! see their suffering, hear their cries,
Go, quickly, point them to the skies,
Where we are about to live.

HATTIE HALL STRANG.

257 Clarkson street, Brooklyn, July 5, 1901.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

July 21, Sun.—The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance.

July 22, Mon.—The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places.

July 23, Tues.—At thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.

July 24, Wed.—I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

July 25, Thur.—Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

July 26, Fri.—Keep me as the apple of the eye.

July 27, Sat.—I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Life in the North-West

BY GORDON McLAREN.

[This is one of a number of stories that were written three years ago in a 'Witness' Boys' Page competition. The writer, who was a very young competitor, received the prize of a silver watch. While he greatly lacked experience in story-telling, yet his three successive pictures of conditions attending life in the North-West showed he had powers of observation.—Ed.]

CHAPTER I.—FIGHTING A PRAIRIE FIRE.

It was a bleak ,windy day in October when Mr. Doncaster hiched his horses to his waggon, and started with his wife to the small town of B——, eight miles distant.

After giving several cautions to the children, such as to be careful about fire in the stovepipes, Mrs. Doncaster stepped into the waggon, and as the horses started, Mr. Doncaster shouted back, 'Bill, if by any chance a prairie fire should come, hitch up the colts and plough a guard; don't be alarmed, because it's not at all likely.'

The children went back into the house, and from the window watched the waggon rumble down the stony road.

Mr. Doncaster had come from Oxford County, Ont., twelve years before, to make a home for himself in the Prairie Province. Fortune had smiled on the Doncasters' home, and six years after they had come to Manitoba they were in a fair way towards doing well.

But suddenly a great misfortune happened. A prairie fire had burnt to the ground all the Doncasters' possessions, including their grain which was stacked ready for threshing, and they had to begin anew.

Then there had been drought for four years, but for the next two years there had been splendid crops so that the Doncasters were well off.

There were five children in the family; Bill was the eldest and was sixteen years old. He was very strong for a boy of his age. Dan was twelve, Maggie ten, Charlie eight, while little Molly was only four.

Mr. and Mrs. Doncaster had been gone nearly an hour when Bill went to cut some firewood. He had cut about half-an-hour when he came to a stick that was very hard and knotty. He gave it several cuts but he did not succeed in cutting it in two. At last he hit it with all his might; the stick rolled over, and the axe slipped, cutting an ugly gash in his shin. He at once called out, 'Dan! Maggie! Charlie! come quick, I've cut my leg!' Dan, from the window, saw Bill rolling on the ground in agony. He immediately rushed out and tied his handkerchief loosely around Bill's leg, above the knee; he then put a stick inside the loop and twisted it up as tight as it would go. Maggie brought a blanket and they carried Bill upstairs into his room. Maggie bandaged up the wound, having first bathed it with cold water. After doing some chores, Dan and Charlie then went to pull turnips in the garden. They worked till noon, had dinner, and then resumed their task. They had been busy about an hour when suddenly Charlie exclaimed, 'Oh, Dan, look out by Warner's, see that big black smoke! I believe it's a prairie fire!' Dan looked to the North-West and saw a thick, black smoke which grew larger and blacker and began to move.

'I wonder what idiot set a fire in this wind,' Dan said.

'Oh, I guess it was Warner,' Charlie answered.

'Most likely,' Dan replied, 'he is always setting fires, he ought to be sent to jail.'

There was a heavy wind blowing from the north-west, and it was evident to Dan that it would not take long for the fire to reach their home. So he started to the stable. On the way he saw Maggie getting a pail of water. He called out, 'Maggie, there's a prairie fire coming and we'll have to fight it; I'm going to harness the colts. What's Bill doing?'

'He is asleep,' Maggie answered, 'are you going to plough a guard?'

'Yes,' Dan replied, 'we mustn't wake Bill up.'

'No we won't,' said Maggie, going into the house, while Dan went on to the stable where the colts were kept.

The colts were very wild and high-spirited. He succeeded in getting the harness on Pete, but, when he approached Bess, she gave him such a kick in the ribs that he rolled on the ground and for a moment could not rise. When he at last arose it was evident to him that no time was to be lost trying to harness the colts, so he left them and began to put harness on an old ox called Jim. After he had harnessed the ox he hitched him to the plough.

To the north of the Doncasters' home was a broad, deep creek. Its banks were steep, rugged bluffs often sixty feet high and covered with green poplars. To the east was a thick row of trees and a large garden, while on the south, west, and north-west was a field of stubble which extended nearly a quarter of a mile to the west. The house was to the east of the barn and stables. Near the barn the creek took a sharp turn to the north. The creek was enclosed by a large pasture.

After giving several pictures to little Molly and telling her to be quiet and not wake Bill, Maggie joined Dan at the stable and they began to plough a guard on the south and west sides of the buildings, Maggie leading the ox while Dan held the handles of the plough. While Maggie and Dan were thus employed Charlie had gone into the granary and got three bran sacks. He carried them to the pump where he gave them a good soaking; he then took them to the west side of the guard and next hunted up an old manure fork on which he stuck a large thick sod. These he likewise took to the pump and wet the sod.

Maggie and Dan had worked for about ten minutes and were nearing the north end of the guard when suddenly Dan exclaimed: 'There's no use, Maggie, we can't save the place at this rate; the fire isn't two miles away and we haven't got nine furrows ploughed. You and Charlie unhitch Jim and I'll go and start a back fire west of the stubble.'

In spite of Maggie's remonstrations Dan started off.

It was a grand and inspiring spectacle, the flames shot high into the air and broke into thousands of sparks which shot ahead of the crackling flames. The fire roared and crackled and the smoke rose high into the sky.

When Dan reached the limit of the stubble the fire was hardly a mile away. He lit several matches but none of them would burn. At last he discovered his pockets contained only two more matches; he lit one, but it went out. He pulled a large heap of grass and struck the last match, but it went out also.

PULLED A HEAP OF GRASS AND STRUCK THE LAST MATCH.

Dan sprang to his feet in despair and ran off at top speed to the guard. The smoke was blinding and his side hurt him severely, but still he dashed on. The fire roared and crackled behind him and every moment the smoke became more dense; at last he reached the guard. Charlie had given his sod another thorough soaking.

By the time Dan reached the guard the fire had reached the spot where he had started from. Still it came on roaring and

crackling through the stubble. A large blazing tumble weed shot ahead of the fire lighting fires in its path ; it reached the outer edge of the guard and Dan drove at it with a wet bag, but it shot past and reached the other edge of the guard where Maggie was standing. She hit it a tremendous blow with her wet sack which completely stopped it ; she then belabored it till there was not a spark left; but the several small fires the tumble weed had started in its course were soon large ones each one running on its own account.

The smoke was suffocating and was so thick that the children could not distinguish each other. A large tongue of flame darted on the guard, but Charlie ran across its path with his sod and put it out. Dan seized a handful of stubble and lighting it ran along the stubble while Maggie extinguished the part nearest the guard. The northern part of the guard was saved. But just then a column of fire bore down on the guard about five rods below where the children stood. They raced at it and succeeded in putting it out. A second column darted down below them to the south. Here they fought with all their might; once Maggie stumbled, but Dan jerked her out. She was severely burnt, but still she fought on. At last they got the fire out.

In the meanwhile the fire that Dan had started was racing to meet another fire which was burning between the two fires the children had already extinguished. They met and instantly went out. The west side was now safe, but the children were afraid the fire might get in on the south side. So to the south side they rushed. The fire kept burning back against the wind, but it was not hard to extinguish it. Charlie seized a handful of long stubble and got it blazing in the flames ; he then rushed along the southern side of the guard, the stubble catching fire as he went. He did not stop till the whole guard was safe.

The children now turned their steps to the house to see if anything had gone wrong during their absence.

Far away to the north another part of the prairie fire was racing down the steep banks of the creek. There were several dry poplars at one particular spot. When the fire started burning them the flames shot high into the air. For a few moments the fire crackled among them but they soon stopped burning, and when the fire reached the water it immediately went out.

When Maggie had left the house Molly had remained quiet for about five minutes, but she became very restless and went to the window. She saw the smoke and, by the hurry in which Maggie left, guessed something must be wrong. She would have gone outside but Maggie had told her not to do so. Bill woke up, and as the window was open, the smoke found free ingress into the room. He knew there was a prairie fire somewhere not very far off, so he called out, 'Maggie, go and see where that prairie fire is.'

Molly heard him and rushed upstairs. When she appeared Bill looked at her in surprise and said, 'Why, where's Maggie ?'

'She went away to 'ee stable,' Molly replied.

'Where are Dan and Charlie ? Do you know ?' Bill said.

'They went runnin' past 'ee window before Maggie went away,' was Molly's reply.

Bill knew they must have gone to fight the fire.

Presently Bill said, 'Molly, could you get the rocking chair under the window ? I am going to see if I can't crawl over there and look out.'

Molly got the cushioned rocking-chair under the window. Bill rolled out of his bed (which was very low), to the floor, and succeeded in crawling to the rocking-chair. He sat down in it and began to look out. Molly was standing beside him when suddenly she exclaimed, 'Oh ! Bill, I see a little fire among those boards.'

About eight feet away from the north wall of the house was a large pile of dry lumber and kindling wood. A burning cinder had lighted the pile, which was soon in a blaze. As soon as Bill saw it he said to Molly, 'Go down stairs, Molly, and throw a pail of water on the pile, or else the house will burn down.' Molly descended the stairs and went into the kitchen and took hold of a small pail, full of water. She lugged it round to the lumber pile and dashed the water on the flames, which partly extinguished them. She then got a second pailful

DASHED THE WATER ON THE FLAMES

and with it completely extinguished the flames. If Molly had not put out the fire, the house would have been burnt to the ground.

Several minutes of anxiety and suspense followed.

At last Dan, Maggie, and Charlie arrived. Molly ran to meet them.

'Did 'oo put 'ee fire out ?' was her first question.

'Yes, Molly,' Maggie answered, 'we put it out, you needn't be afraid.'

'Hadn't we a time of it, though ?' said Charlie, 'I'd like to fight another prairie fire.'

Dan said, 'Well, I'm glad we are done with it.' Dan's side hurt him so that he could hardly walk, and he was also very tired.

'Dan ! Maggie ! Charlie ! are you there ?' said Bill from above.

'Yes, we're here,' Dan replied. Then he added: 'I don't feel quite right, there's an awful pain in my side.'

'Neither do I,' said Maggie, for she had got smoke down her throat.

Charlie said : 'Both of you go to bed,' and this they did.

When Mr. and Mrs. Doncaster were about to return home from B——, they saw a black smoke in the direction of their house, and becoming alarmed they immediately started for home. When about four miles from B——, the smoke grew denser, and the fire passed about a mile to the south of them. Still the smoke hung thick over the blackened prairie. They drove hard thinking their home to be a blackened ruin, and Mr. Doncaster blaming himself the while for not ploughing a guard before he had left in the morning. At last their house loomed in view through the smoke. They were very thankful when they got a better view of things, and saw their home had not been burned.

As soon as the waggon reached the house Mrs. Doncaster got out and rushed into the kitchen and found Charlie and Molly playing on the floor. Charlie soon told her all their adventures. Mr. Doncaster entered in time to hear of how Molly saved the house. Soon after he went to find a doctor.

Bill's leg soon got well. Dan had his rib broken, but he soon recovered. The smoke had gone into Maggie's lungs and her burns were severe, but with tender care and a good physician she was not long in recovering her former state of health.

Molly's brave deed received much praise from the friends of the Doncaster family.

CHAPTER II.—LOST IN A BLIZZARD.

It was a clear, frosty morning in January, and the sun was just peeping above the white fields of snow. There was a mirage, and houses several miles distant looked as if they were scarcely a mile away. The Doncasters had risen early because Mr. Doncaster and Bill were going to Lint Lake, nine miles away, to get a load of wood. The prairie fire had destroyed the wood for about seven miles above the Doncasters' home, along the creek. Lint Lake was the source of the creek. Around it willow and poplar grew in abundance. To the north and east of the lake were large groves. Mr. Doncaster stood by the kitchen stove sharpening his axe with a whetstone. Bill was on the other side of the stove putting on his overcoat. Suddenly Mr. Doncaster said, 'Bill, I guess you can get out the horses now, I've finished this axe and I will be ready in about five minutes.'

Bill and Dan went to the stable and as they were hitching the horses to the sleigh Dan said, 'What would you do if Pete were to play out on the road home ?'

'Oh ! he won't,' Bill replied.

On the front part of the bobsleighs was bound a large bundle of hay. Bill bound his axe upon the sleigh and then drove the sleigh to the door. Mr. Doncaster came out of the house and climbed into the sleigh, and amid shouts of farewell the horses started down the road. The trail went straight east for about a mile ; it then turned and went north about nine miles, then started west to the neighborhood of Lint Lake.

It was about ten o'clock when Mr. Doncaster and Bill reached a large grove about a mile north of the lake. Here Bill unhitched the horses and tied them to a tree, giving them some hay. Mr. Doncaster took his axe and began to cut down the trees. Bill followed his example and soon had several trees cut. The bush at this place was poplar and not very large. They had worked about an hour when Mr. Doncaster shouted to Bill, 'I'm going over south by the lake to see if there is any dry willow there ; you hitch up the team and load on what we've cut and then come over to where you hear me cutting.'

Mr. Doncaster went in the direction of the lake while Bill laid down his axe and began to pile the wood which was close around the sleigh, into it. He then hitched on the horses and began to pile on the remaining timber. He heard the sound of Mr. Doncaster's axe in the direction of the lake and started the horses that way.

The scrub got thicker as he neared the place where his father was cutting ; he got off the sleigh and began to cut a road until he succeeded in clearing a trail. Then he soon found Mr. Doncaster. As he loaded on the wood his father had cut, he said : 'Father, isn't it nearly noon ? I'm getting hungry.'

'I believe it is,' his father replied 'I guess we'll have dinner ; where did you leave the lunch ?'

'Back where we fed the horses,' Bill answered.

'Well, you get it, and while you are gone I'll light a fire.'

Bill started back for the lunch while Mr. Doncaster heaped several dry sticks together. He then struck a match and applied it to the wood, but it went out. Bill was now returning with a bag over his shoulder. He sat down by the pile of sticks and took a bottle and a parcel out of the bag. The lunch was wrapped up in two newspapers. Bill took the outside wrapper and put it in the centre of the pile of wood ; he then put a match to it and the pile was ablaze. They had to thaw out the bread and cheese because it was frozen quite stiff. Bill took the bottle which contained tea, and set it about a yard away from the fire ; he then moved it nearer and nearer the fire till it was quite hot.

After they had finished their lunch, both began to cut down trees. They worked about an hour, then Bill stopped. He began to load the wood on the sleigh and had the load nearly completed when he saw white fleecy clouds hurrying across the sky. He called to his father : 'Hadn't we better start for home ? It's looking bad.'

'Yes, Bill, I guess we had, for it's beginning to snow. You put the things on the load and hitch up the team while I put on these scraggy poplars I've cut.'

Bill piled the horse-blankets, the robe, and the remainder of the dinner on the top of the load. He then harnessed the horses to the sleigh while Mr. Doncaster piled the poplars he had cut on the back of the load. He then climbed on to the load and they started.

It was snowing fast and a brisk breeze had sprung up from the north-east.

They struck out of the bush and were soon on the road on which they had entered, the wind was in their faces and was very cold. The snow was falling fast and the wind began to drive it in small particles. They had gone about a mile and were nearing the main road when Bill said : 'Father, my feet are cold; I believe I will get off and walk.'

Bill climbed down and began to walk on the sheltered side of the load. The storm was growing thicker every minute ; they had just turned on to the main road when Mr. Doncaster got off the load and started to walk. 'Bill, I'm going to walk till my feet get warm : they're nearly frozen,' he said.

The snow was getting thicker. Mr. Doncaster said to Bill, 'It's getting pretty bad, I hope it won't get worse.'

The horse on the right-hand side was Pete—known to the reader before now—the other horse was an old mare called Maud. The snow was nearly a foot deep ; Pete showed signs of fatigue ; a little further on he began to fall behind Maud, who was a rapid walker, so she turned off the road ; he did this several times. At last Mr. Doncaster took the lines down off the load and endeavored to keep the horses straight. It was useless. At last Pete lay down, and despite Mr. Doncaster's efforts he would not rise. Mr. Doncaster said, 'It's no use, Bill, I can't get Pete up; we will have to leave him here and go ahead with Maud.'

So Bill unhitched Maud from the sleigh and strapped the horse blankets and the robe on her back.

Mr. Doncaster led Maud while Bill walked by his side. The snow was falling faster than ever and the road was very hard to follow. They had gone nearly a mile when Mr. Doncaster said : 'Bill, there's no use in trying to reach home to-night ; we'll try to get to the Paynes's home ; I know they will keep us all night; and, besides, it's not very far away—it can't be a mile south-west of here, because here is their section post.'

So Bill and his father left the road and struck to the south-west.

It was fast growing dark and the storm was getting worse. 'The wind is in our backs,' Bill said. The snow was whirling around them and seemed to come from every direction at once. Whenever the bare skin was exposed it felt as if dozens of sharp needles were being stuck into them at once. There was nothing but snow, snow everywhere—above, below, and all around. They tramped on through the ever-deepening snow, looking in vain for a light.

Bill felt as if he could drop down he was so tired ; he thought he would choke because the wind was so strong. At last he said, 'Father, you go on and leave me here. I can't go any farther. I won't freeze.'

'No, no, Bill, I can't leave you, you will be frozen ; try to see if you can't go a little farther.'

'Well, father, I will for your sake.'

They pushed forward again. Bill looked around at Maud and it struck him that the blankets were an extra load on her which might be removed. He asked his father:

'Can't I take those blankets off Maud's back ?'

'Yes,' his father replied, 'maybe she can walk better if you do.'

Bill stepped back, and taking the blankets and robe off Maud's back, he let them drop on the ground. After a while—it seemed like an age to Bill—Mr. Doncaster said in a voice of despair, 'Bill, I'm completely tired out. I can't go any further.'

'Don't be discouraged. Why ! what's that I see ahead of us ?'

'It must be a straw stack.'

'Yes, that's what it is.'

Bill's father stumbled against the straw stack and they groped their way around the stack till they got on a side where there

THE DOOR WAS OPENED BY A LARGE TALL MAN

was some shelter. Bill felt very thankful they had got into some kind of a shelter, for he was so tired he could hardly stand up. He observed that the side of the stack they were on was perpendicular and looked as if it had been cut with a hay-knife. He thought there must be a house somewhere near, so he began to look around for a light.

Suddenly Mr. Doncaster said, 'Bill, I believe I see a light over there.'

Bill looked in the direction his father had indicated and could see a light which looked very faint and dim.

'Let us try to see if we can't reach it,' his father said.

'Let me lead Maud, father.'

Mr. Doncaster gave Maud's rope to Bill and they started towards the light, the sight of which gave Bill new courage. As they advanced the light grew brighter and nearer. At last they could distinguish the outlines of a shanty. Then they struck the sheltered side of the shanty and soon found the door. Bill tapped and the door was opened by a large, tall man with a black moustache. The light streamed out of the doorway and across the snow.

'If you could let us stay here—' Mr. Doncaster began.

'Let you stay here?' the man asked in a voice of surprise. 'Well, we would be funny people if we didn't; why, we could not turn a dog out in this storm. Come in, and be welcome; you've got a horse there; give it to me and you can go in. Harry, make some supper for them.'

The man took Maud while Bill and his father passed into the house. In the house were two men; one of them was sitting with his feet in the oven of a large cooking stove, while the other was standing over a table. The interior of the shack was plastered and in the corner of the room were two bunks.

'How far is it from Doncaster's?' Bill asked.

'About four miles,' the man at the table replied.

'In which direction?'

'Straight south.'

'Then we are at Maxwell's?' Bill's father said.

'That's where you are all right,' the man said, 'And you are old Doncaster, and you are Bill, ha! ha!' and the fellow laughed.

'Those are our names,' Bill said.

'Take off your coats and sit down there in front of the stove. Jack, you put some more sticks in the stove.'

Mr. Doncaster began to take off his fur coat and cap. Bill pulled off his cap and became aware of a stinging sensation on his nose, cheeks, and ears. As he unbuttoned his coat, the man at the stove observed, 'Your face is frozen, and so are your ears.'

'Yes, they feel it,' Bill replied. He then sat down on the chair in front of the stove and tried to remove his moccasins. But they would not come off; they were frozen to his feet. Just then the man who had taken Maud came in and said to Mr. Doncaster, 'Did your other horse play out or how did you happen to have only one horse?'

'Oh, we went for a load of wood this morning, and just as we were leaving the bush the storm came on; our other horse played out when we were about four miles out of the bush. We left him and the load, and tried to reach Payne's; but we got lost and struck here.'

Bill and his father ate a hearty supper and then all of them went to bed.

The Maxwells were two bachelors, whose names were Tim and Harry. The storm continued next day till about ten o'clock, when it stopped snowing, and the clouds cleared away. It still continued to drift till about four o'clock, when the wind went down. It was intensely cold and the thermometer registered 30 degrees below zero. Mr. Doncaster borrowed one of the Maxwell's horses, and with Tim Maxwell and Bill he started out to find the load of wood. Tim and Bill carried shovels. They went straight east till they reached the main road. A team had gone along about an hour before and had broken a road. They followed this track for about three miles, and then they came on the load of wood, which was almost covered wtih snow, while no sign of Pete was visible.

Tim Maxwell started to dig at the side of the load, while Bill began to dig in front of it. He had dug down about two feet when he came on the dead body of Pete lying across the tongue of the sleigh. Pete had been frozen to death and the snow had drifted over him. They removed Pete's body, and after about half an hour's work they hitched on the horses and started. Tim Maxwell went to his home while Bill and his father started for theirs. They promised to take the horse home next day.

HE CAME ON TO THE DEAD BODY OF PETE

It was about four o'clock on the afternoon of the storm when Dan and Charlie went to the stable to do up their night chores. They finished them and were about to return to the house when they found they could not see a rod away from the house.

'We can't get to the house to-night,' said Charlie.

'Yes, we can if we try,' Dan replied.

They started but did not go far before they rushed back; they could not distinguish the stable when they were twelve yards from it.

'I've got an idea,' Dan said, 'We'll go into the stable and get that long rope father got the last time he was at B——, and we'll tie it to this post, and then we will start out reach the house then we can come back to the stable.'

'That's a good plan, let's try it,' said Charlie.

They went into the granary, and Dan took down off a peg a large coil of rope which was about sixty feet long. He tied on to its end another rope about fifty feet long; he then took the whole length out of the granary and fastened it to the post near which they had been standing. Dan tied the other end around his waist and then he took Charlie's hand and they set off in the direction of the house. By the time they reached the end of the rope they saw a light in the window which their mother had just put there. Dan untied the rope and they found no difficulty in reaching the house.

'I thought 'oo was lost,' Molly said, as she ran to the kitchen door to meet them.

'Well, we were nearly lost, anyway,' Charlie said in an indifferent voice.

'Why, Dan, your nose is frozen,' Molly said.

'I don't think they will come home to-night,' Dan said, 'the storm is so bad.'

Next day Dan did not go to the stable till the storm was over. It was nearly dark when Bill and his father reached home that evening.

CHAPTER III.—A THUNDERSTORM.

It was a beautiful evening about the first of August. The prairie was all green, dotted here and there with lovely flowers, pink, blue, red, white, and orange—every shade and variety seemed to be there. The yellow fields of wheat stretched away in the distance. Charlie had brought the cattle from the lower end of the pasture and they were shut up for the night in the corral. Everything was silent and peaceful.

The Doncaster family had all gathered

about the door. They had seen Mr. Johnston (their neighbor) coming, and had gathered one after another to have a chat.

'No, I will sit here, it will be cooler,' Mr. Johnston had said when they asked him to go into the house.

It had been very warm all day. But the sun would soon be set now and the work was done for the day. They were laughing and talking, and having a good time. Mrs. Doncaster, Charlie and Dan had been to the sand-hills picking berries, or, rather, looking in vain for berries to pick. However, they said when they came home, 'There are no berries worth picking, but we did not have our trip for nothing; it was worth all our trouble to see the trees and hills, they were just grand.' (We only have berries once in three or four years in Manitoba because the late frost kills them in the blossom.) The men began to talk about the crops, 'I wonder if this heat is going to hurt the crops?'

'Oh, no. I think it is just fine for the wheat. The nights are always so cool,' Mr. Johnston said. 'Your wheat looks good this year; let us go and look at it.'

So saying they went over to a fifty-acre field of wheat, and, walking through it, Mr. Johnston said, 'Again I tell you, Doncaster, you have a fine crop here; this ought to yield thirty-five bushels to the acre.'

'I hope it will,' Mr. Doncaster said, 'you see, we have had plenty of rain this summer, and no frost. Don't you think it will be ripe in two weeks?'

'Yes,' Mr. Johnston said, 'I am sure it will, and if we do have frost, it will not hurt this wheat now. But I must be getting home.'

In the meantime the sun was nearly set, and a few small clouds were rising in the west. There was an oppressive stillness in the air.

'Why, what is the matter to-night? It is getting warmer instead of colder. How fast the clouds are rising! How black they are! Will Mr. Johnston get home before the rain comes?'

'Oh, yes, he will have plenty of time.'

'Just look at that great black cloud, how it is spreading over the sky. Yes that low distant rumble is thunder. At every roll it comes near, and grows louder and louder. See that cloud of dust, that is the wind that always comes before rain.'

'It will be here in a minute—shut the door, quick. There it comes, it is all darkness now; let somebody light the lamp.'

The house is shaking with the fury of the wind, the dust is flying in through the cracks of the door. Outside the house everything is dark, except when a flash of lightning darts across the sky in zigzag streaks and illuminates the whole scene. A peal of thunder that seems right over the house makes everybody start and the dishes rattle. A few drops of rain and then! sounds what seems like a volley of small stones are hurled against the roof.

'Oh! oh! oh!' cry all the children.

'It's only hail,' says Mrs. Doncaster.

'Yes, it's hail, and the wheat will all be ruined,' said Mr. Doncaster.

It only fell for about three minutes, but Oh! the destruction it left in its path! The next flash of light showed the ground white. The air was cool enough now. It rained most of the night.

The next morning was clear and fine. The Doncaster family were up with the dawn, and out to see what damage had been done. Sure enough, the wheat was completely destroyed, and 'everything else.' The heads of the wheat were broken down and pelted into the ground and not worth cutting. The garden things were all shivered to pieces. Sunflower stalks an inch thick were cut right off. The beans and cabbages were useless. The potatoes reminded one of the woods in the fall of the year when the leaves are falling, for the leaves were all on the ground and the bare stems standing above. The Doncaster family looked with dismay at the devastation. Alas for their blighted hopes! But their worst grief was to come, for when Mr. Doncaster went to feed his horses he found that one of them had been killed by lightning during the night—his best horse too, as is usually the case.

'Well,' said Mr. Doncaster, 'we will just have to begin again; we will have to do without the new granary we were going to build this fall.'

'And the new kitchen,' said Mrs. Doncaster. 'And lots of other things,' said the boys.

Then they all laughed, and said, 'Never mind, we are all alive and well, ourselves, so we have much to be thankful for.'

Thus through many dangers and difficulties and many beginnings over again, the Doncasters and many others are making homes for themselves in Manitoba and the North-West.

Aunt Sarah's Discovery.

(By Harold Farrington.)

'If one straight line cross another straight line'—Frank Andrews slowly folded the paper on which he had written out his demonstration for the next day's lesson—'that's easy enough to see through—of course the vertical angles are equal!'

For a few moments he sat, silently contemplating the ever-changing fire pictures in the grate before him, listening at the same time to the musical click of his Aunt Sarah's fast-flying knitting needles. 'I—I don't see, if vertical angles are equal, why boys, born and brought up in the same town, who have had the same advantages, who've been to school together, and are cousins, aren't,' he said, finally. 'I mean in the eyes of their friends—but they're not!' and Frank looked for sympathy across the table, where his aunt was industriously working.

'You mean?' she began.

'Why, Tom, and—and myself,' interrupted Frank, watching a fantastic fire shape tumble to ashes. 'I don't know why it is, but Tom's a favorite with everybody, old and young, and I— Well, you know how it is! Now confess, Aunt Sarah; wouldn't you rather have Tom for company, ten times over, than me?'

'Each of my nephews has in my affections his own particular place, which it would be impossible for the other to fill,' replied Aunt Sarah, evasively.

'But you haven't answered me,' persisted Frank.

'I think I know what you mean, dear,' and the music of the knitting needles ceased, for this was one of Aunt Sarah's 'opportunities,' and it needed all her attention if it were to be wisely met.

Frank turned half-way round in his chair.

'I've made a discovery which I think you'd like to share,' and Aunt Sarah laid a hand lovingly on her nephew's shoulder.

'But it's nothing to do with what I'm talking about,' began Frank, impatiently.

'Everything in the world,' said Aunt Sarah, gently. 'It's a discovery of two very different characteristics in the make-up of my two boys, and if both possessed one of these qualities I think they would be nearly as equal as two verticle angles, in the estimation of their friends.'

'It's a quality, then; you've found it in Tom—not in me!' exclaimed Frank, positively. 'Isn't it so?'

'You remember when Tom was in, this morning,' said Aunt Sarah, thoughtfully, disregarding Frank's query, 'we were speaking of our last evening's musicale, and he told Elsie how accurately she pronounced the dialect in the little Scotch ballads she sang, and the pleasure it gave him. It pleased her—it couldn't help pleasing her—for it was merited commendation.

'Do you recall what her brother said—and it was so unnecessary, too—last evening, as she modestly left the piano and took the empty seat beside him? I'm very sure he was proud of his sister's skill, and would have indignantly resented a like remark made by any one else.'

'I—I only said she flatted once on the high notes; that was all!'

'Yes; but it spoiled her whole evening, and I noticed tears in her eyes at the time. By whispering just a word of praise, for which there was abundant occasion, how happy she would have been made!'

'I—I didn't think to speak of her enunciation, her graceful touch, and the simple pathos in her rendering,' said Frank, slowly.

'Then, when Tom was last here to dinner, I noticed he spoke of your mother's custards—of how excellent they were, and it pleased her so much! To-day, at dinner, when she was tired and almost sick, her own boy complained that the soup was too salt, and didn't praise the delicious fruit pudding, though he passed his plate for a second helping.

'Saturday, while watching your school eleven at their football practice, I recollect that their captain got almost angry because one of his men who did not hear the signals distinctly made a slight mistake; and not by a look even did he express any appreciation when the same fellow made a "dandy" run—I believe that's what the boys call it—and faultlessly kicked a difficult goal.'

'And that's your discovery?' faltered Frank, slowly.

'Yes; that one of my nephews is quick to speak his appreciation—praise, you may call it—but not extravagantly, of the commendable qualities and work of his friends, while the other'—

'Only criticises; and that's myself,' interrupted Frank, honestly.

'It's an excellent thing to encourage one another,' continued Aunt Sarah. 'You haven't an idea how much good it does one to know he's appreciated. It takes only a word or a look; and it pays.'

'That's what Tom does,' added Frank, slowly, 'and hereafter I think I'll imitate him, Aunt Sarah!'—'Wellspring.'

[For the 'Messenger.

Trusting.

With simple faith I'm trusting,
  And waiting for the hour
When I shall join my darling,
  My precious little flower.

My little flower that nestled
  So closely to my heart;
My cherished little blossom
  From whom I grieved to part.

God called him home to heaven,
  And left me here to mourn;
Alas! how terrible the thought
  My being all alone.

Alone, yet not alone.
  For my darling one is near,
An unseen presence prompts me on,
  And naught am I to fear.

P. M. WOODMAN

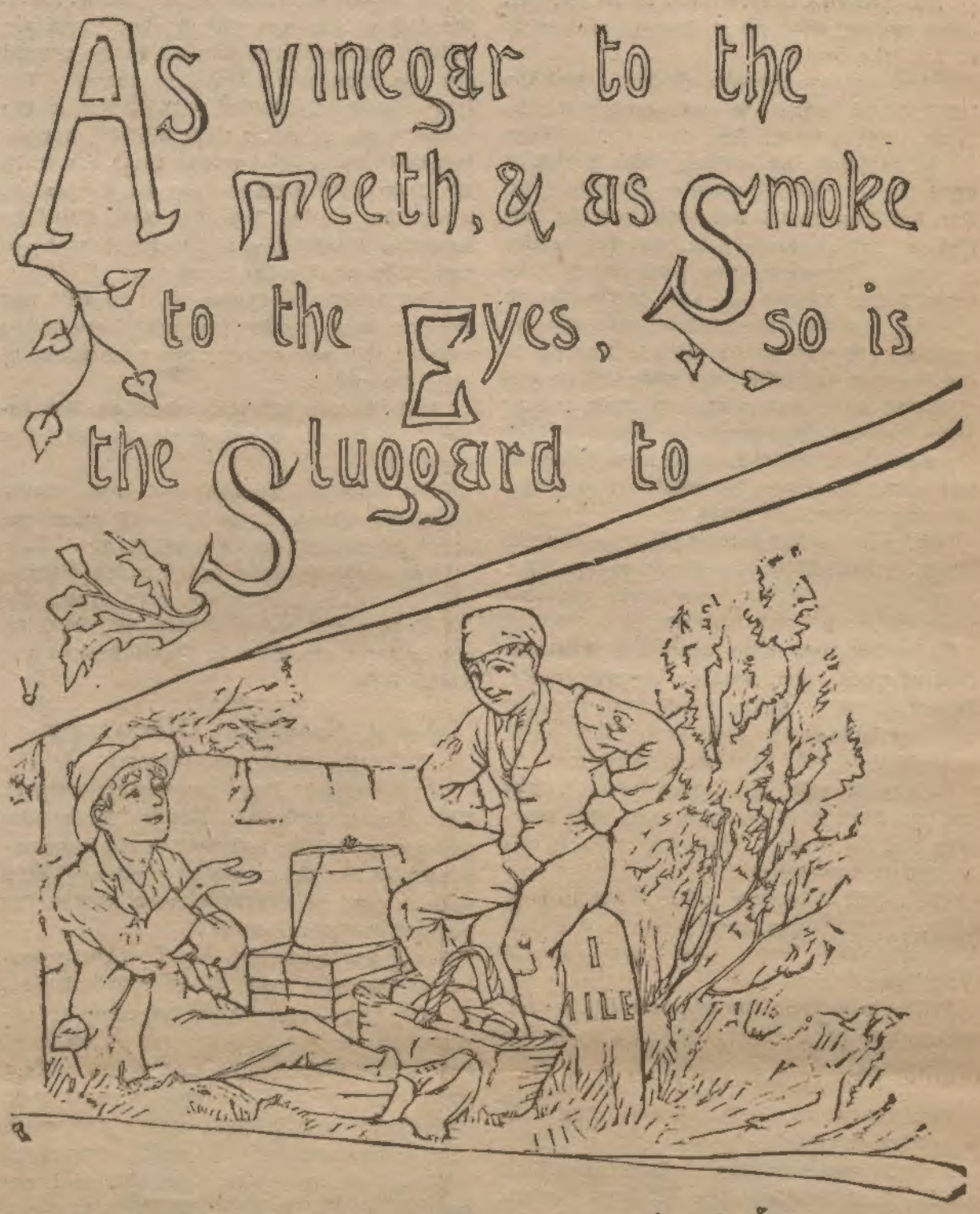
How the Little Fault-Finder Was Cured.

(Concluded.)

Harold's arms were round her neck, and she felt his cheek wet with tears, as he whispered his promise not to tell tales again.

'Good night, mother dear,' he murmured, as she snugly tucked him up, and was soon fast asleep. That night the loving mother knelt long at the throne of grace, praying that her little son might understand the lesson, and that God would help him to overcome his fault.

One afternoon in the following week the rain was coming down pitilessly, the garden seemed full of little pools, the shrubs and trees hung heavy with raindrops, and all looked as dull and dismal as a November day. Being holiday time the children thought it a great hardship to have to stay indoors so many hours, and mother's ingenuity had been taxed to the utmost to find occupation and amusement for them. Willie and Harold were in the dining-room wondering what they should do next to pass the time, 'Let's have jumping over the stools,' said Willie—'See who'll go the highest.' And away they went in high glee, laughing and shouting, till at last, getting rather rash and hasty, alas! Willie's foot caught in the leg of a beautiful bamboo flowerstand, with hanging pots—mother's last birthday present from father — and down it all came with a crash!



They were standing gazing at it and at each other in the utmost consternation, too frightened almost to speak, when mother opened the door, attracted by the noise, to see what mischief was done. She glanced at Harold, expecting him to rush up as usual and heap all the blame on Willie, but to her joy he never moved and was silent. It was Willie who spoke first.

'I am so sorry, mother dear — I did it; we were jumping over the stools, and my foot caught in it.'

Then up ran Harold, his little face flushed with excitement. "Willie touldn't help it, I's sure, muvver. You won't be angry, will oo? And he's knocked his head too, cos he fell down hard; he didn't mean to knock it down'—and putting his arms round his brother's neck, he said, 'Never mind, Willie; oo tan have my new shilling what Uncle John gave me, to buy a new one for muvver.'

What joy and thankfulness filled the mother's heart! Tears started to her eyes. 'That's my noble boys,' she said — 'Willie to confess the truth at once and Harold not to tell of him directly.'

'I did wemember, mother, but I was just going to tell,' exclaimed Harold, his whole face beaming with joy at his mother's praise.

'Yes, my brave boy, you did remember, and mother is so thankful; it was like gaining a great victory over yourself, and it will never be so hard again to overcome your fault. Willie loves you for it.'

'Willie's face was a study as he glanced inquiringly from one to the other, but he only said, 'Yes, it was awfully good of Harold, wasn't it? And to want me to have his shilling, too!'

'Though I'm very, very sorry for the loss of my beautiful flowerstand,' said mother, as she put her arms round her boys and held them closely to her, 'I must freely forgive you, chiefly for Harold's sake, because he has made such a brave stand against that nasty habit of telling tales, and is trying to root out the ugly weed ; and I thank God that my boys are really trying to do what is right. Always in the future, Willie, dear, remember this, and whenever you have done anything wrong, by accident or not, confess it at once; don't shield yourself or try to put the blame on any one else. I think the best thing to do with your shilling Harold, dear, will be to buy a vase or

something that we can always look at and remember this day; I will put some money towards it, and so will Willie, I know.

Both boys heartily agreed, and a few days after a handsome vase stood in the centre of the dining-room mantelpiece, and the sight or mention of it would often check an unkind action or word in that little family circle.

The Spelling of Jerry.

(By Mina E. Goulding, in 'The Adviser.')

'That boy, Jerry,' said the master, 'is the plague of my life. I had to thrash him again this afternoon.'

'I would expel him,' returned his wife indignantly. 'Why should you worry so over one bad boy.?'

'Perhaps the sooner it comes to that the better it will be for everybody concerned,' said the master wearily. 'Yes, I will expel him!'

Phyllis, aged four, and the only child of the school-house, puckered her brows in exact imitation of her mother, and demanded gravely :

'What is "spell," Daddie?'

'Something far too big for little maids like you,' laughed her father; and Jerry was forgotten for the rest of the evening.

But next morning, when Phyllis was dancing about in the front garden, who should come up to the gate but Jerry himself, holding towards her a bunch of marsh marigolds.

'Are they for own little me?' asked Phyllis; 'and did they drow in your darden, Delly?'

'No,' said Jerry, with a broad smile, 'they growed wild. There's a cart-load of 'em down in the little wood,' and he pointed towards a path which Phyllis knew well.

'Oh!' exclaimed little Phyllis in surprise.

Jerry went on to school, being rather late as usual, and Phyllis played with the marigolds for quite a long time. Then a wonderful idea entered her small mind.

At ten o'clock she was missed from the garden.

It was nearly twelve when the master's wife went into school and broke the news to her husband.

Phyllis had been missing for an hour and a half, and though her mother and the servant had been all over the village they could hear nothing of her.

In ten minutes from that time sixty boys and girls were on the look-out for Phyllis. Some went this way, some went that, but Jerry, without asking counsel of anybody, made a dash for the little wood, which lay almost a mile beyond the village.

THE SPELLING OF JERRY.

And Jerry was the one who found her—not anywhere near the marigolds, however, but lying very still at the base of a moss-covered stump, with one little leg doubled up curiously beneath her. Jerry lifted her tenderly, and she moaned. He straightened the limb as well as he could, and sat down on the stump, holding her in his arms and thinking how best he could get her home. It hurt him dreadfully to see little Phyllis lie white and still.

After a minute or two something hot fell from Jerry's eyes and splashed down on the child's round face. She sighed and looked up wondering. 'Why, it's Delly!' she said, 'And, oh! I fordot to ask you; what is "spell," Delly?'

'Spell,' answered Jerry; 'why, it's letters and words.'

'No, not that sort of spell, I mean the spell that Daddie is going to do to you because you are the plague of his life, Delly. Mamma said spell you; and Daddie said, yes, he would,' explained Phyllis, sorrowfully.

It seemed, then, that Jerry knew well enough what spell meant. He thought wistfully of little Phyllis, who came into the big room at least three times a week, and danced up and down the floor during part of the singing-lesson, regardless of 'cane,' or 'discipline.'

'It means,' he stammered, 'oh! I can't just say to you what it means. But, I'll carry you home very gently; and you just ask your pa not to. Tell him I'll be—'

'Good' was a girl's word, and, even in his extremity Jerry could not use it.

'I'll be—different,' he added, turning very red.

There was one splendid thing about Jerry. Having once passed his word he stuck to it firmly, and from that day he was 'different.'

One Saturday morning, when walking through the village I saw him weeding the master's garden, while Phyllis, whose leg a year ago was broken, was skipping as gaily on the path as if the world held no such sorrows as broken bones and 'spelling.'

LESSON IV.—JULY 28.

God Calls Abraham.

Genesis xii., 1-9. Memory verses, 1-3.

Golden Text.

'I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing.'—Gen. xii., 2.

Lesson Text.

(1) Now the Lord had said unto Abram, get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee: (2) And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing: (3) And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee: and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed. (4) So Abram departed, as the Lord had spoken unto him; and Lot went with him: and Abram was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran. (5) And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran; and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came. (6) And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Sichem, unto the plain of Moreh. And the Canaanite was then in the land. (7) And the Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land: and there builded he an altar unto the Lord, who appeared unto him. (8) And he removed from thence unto a mountain on the east of Bethel, and pitched his tent, having Bethel on the west, and Hai on the east; and there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord. (9) And Abram journeyed, going on still toward the south.

Suggestions.

After the flood the earth was re-peopled by the sons of Noah, who had been saved with their wives in the ark—Shem, from whom are descended the Jews and other semitic races; Ham, the father of the colored race, and Japheth, whose descendants peopled Europe.

When wickedness again increased in the world, God would not destroy mankind because he had promised not to, but again he called one man to walk with him and to obey him sincerely. And the promise to this man was that he should become the father of a people who should be devoted to God and specially watched over by him, and who should in their loyalty to God be a blessing to the whole world. Terah, the father of Abraham, took his family from their native land Chaldean, and started for Canaan. But when they had journeyed perhaps half way there, they stopped at the city of Haran and lived there for a long time.

When God called Abram into fellowship with himself he called him to leave all that he would naturally hold most dear, home and kindred and country. It was necessary that Abram should get away from this place for the people were all idolators and unbelievers, and God could best reveal himself to Abram when he was alone and unhampered by evil associates. Abram's obedience to God in this case is a picture of our coming to Christ, we must turn our back on the sins in which we have lived, and forsaking all evil associations, follow Christ till he brings us into the blessed land of promise, the home of the soul. Abram willingly left all and set out to walk with God all through life. So we must turn our back upon all worldly pleasures if we would know the true joy of walking with God in this world. To Abram were given seven great promises, the promise of a new home; the promise of a great nation of which Abram should be the founder; the promise of great blessing from God; the promise of a great name and fame among men; the promise that Abram himself should be made a blessing to many; the promise that God would make Abram's interests his own; and the crowning promise that through him all the families of the earth would be blessed (Gal. iii., 7-9, 16), which was another loving promise of the Messiah who came, humanly speaking, from the descendants of Abraham.

So Abram departed from his home—had he chosen to disobey God, he might have remained there and enjoyed the pleasures of sin for a few years longer, but he could never have claimed the fulfilment of God's promises, he could never have been a blessing to the world, he could have had no part in the glorious plan of redemption; but he would have had through all eternity to regret his disobedience and unfaithfulness. By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went, (Heb. xi., 8). So Abram took his household and journeyed on toward Canaan, and when he arrived there the Lord God revealed to him that this was the land which was to belong to him and to his descendants. Abraham built an altar and worshipped God there. He set up the family altar wherever he pitched his tent and the Lord God blessed him in his worship. Likewise God expects every Christian head of a household to set up the family altar and to hold daily worship, thus acknowledging to his household his constant dependence on God, and giving to all of them the opportunity to draw nigh to God in a brief season of quietness and prayer. The whole day is sanctified by setting apart in the morning a time for waiting on God. Every Christian should have his own quiet time in the morning alone with God as a preparation for the long day's walk with God in the world, but there should be also a united gathering of the family to praise God for all his mercies. God blesses the homes where he is honored, he blesses the family altars whereon are daily laid the sacrifices of prayer, penitence and praise. He loves to answer the prayers of the parents who pray with—as well as for—their children. The holy influences of such homes cling to the children and shield them from much of this world's allurements. The busier a family is, the more need there is in that home for family prayers.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 28.—Topic—Missions: true philanthropy.—Gal. vi., 1-10.

Junior C. E. Topic.

HOW HOME MISSIONS HELP.

Mon., July 22.—Our gospel needed.—I. Cor. i., 21-24.

Tues., July 23.—What home missions do.—Isa. lv., 13.

Wed., July 24.—They save men,—Rom. i., 15, 16.

Thu., July 25.—They bring joy to cities.—Acts viii., 8.

Fri., July 25.—The advancing kingdom.—Mark iv., 26, 27.

Sat., July 27.—Begin at Jerusalem.—Luke xxiv., 46-48.

Sunday, July 28.—Topic—Missions: what home missions are doing for our country.—Joshua xiii., 1; I. John iii., 16, 17.

Co-Education in the Sunday-School.

Our Sunday-schools evidently believe in the co-education of the sexes to a certain extent, as the plan is maintained in primary departments, and also in adult Bible classes. The question is asked, 'Why is it dropped in the junior grades?' A class of unmanageable boys, whose reputation has preceded it, is promoted into the main room from a lower department, exiled to a corner, and 'taken' by a perhaps unwilling teacher. Upon the same day a company of girls of a similar grade is graduated, and formed into a separate class. On this point a New Jersey worker writes: 'In the secular school these boys and girls are interested in the same studies, the mind of the one acting as an incentive to the mind of the other. This is their first mental separation. Is it a wise one, and would not a mingling of the sexes throughout help to remove the ban "unmanageable" from the "corner class," and add new interest to Bible study?'—'Sunday-School Times.'

Was He A Coward.

('The Presbyterian Banner.')

Carl Prentice, president of the Bronson School Anti-Cigarette League, did not find his task free from unpleasantness, but he bravely endured the sneers of his companions.

'Catch me labelling myself,' said Henry Peters, pointing to Carl's A. C. L. pin.

'But you wear a McKinley button,' protested Carl.

'Oh, that's different; he's a popular man; but lots of people smoke and just make fun of your League.'

'Let them laugh,' replied Carl, 'I know what's right.'

'I expect we'll see you on the platform some day and hear you tell what a wreck you were from cigarette smoking and how the A. C. L. saved you from ruin and death,' sneered Joe Downing.

'We'll put up the posters for you, Carl,' chimed in Ben Smithers; 'they'll be right up-to-date—Monster Mass Meeting addressed by Anti-Cigarette Carl.'

'Yes, and with a picture of you before and after taking the pledge, you know,' continued Joe.

Carl's face flushed but he replied calmly: 'You boys know very well that I used to smoke cigarettes, and I tell you frankly that I tried to stop and found it hard work, and that is just why I signed the pledge.'

'You'll do for a horrible example, all right,' returned Joe, mockingly.

A general laugh followed this remark.

'I'm telling you for your good,' replied Carl earnestly, 'I was getting nervous; I couldn't remember my lessons, and when I ought to put my mind on my studies I longed for a smoke and was restless until I got it. And, Joe Downing, you know you would have been promoted to seventh grade this year but for cigarette smoking.'

'Well, that's none of your business,' retorted Joe.

'Perhaps not but the best thing you can do is to sign the A. C. L. pledge.'

'That's a jolly good joke! Sign a pledge! When I want to stop smoking I will. Only a coward signs a pledge,' was Joe's response.

'I'd like to catch a fellow calling me a coward,' cried Ben insinuatingly.

'I mean just what I say,' answered Joe angrily; 'any boy who can't stop without a pledge is a coward. There now, Carl Prentice, you have it right to your teeth.'

'A fight, a fight,' cried the boys.

'No, I won't fight,' responded Carl.

'Didn't I tell you,' said Joe triumphantly to the boys as Carl turned abruptly away.

'I wish I hadn't promised mother not to fight,' muttered Carl as he walked on with clenched fist; 'I'd like to pummel him well, but the president of an A. L. C. must be careful of his example.'

Saturday found the boys at Green Lake.

'Let's try the ice,' suggested one.

'It's thin in places,' said Carl.

'Have you signed a pledge against skating on thin ice?' inquired Joe. 'Come on, boys, let fraid cat stay on shore.'

It seemed scarcely a moment when piercing screams rent the air. Joe had broken through, and the boys saw him sink beneath the ice; they screamed wildly and ran for the banks.

In an instant Carl comprehended the situation. Slipping off his coat he ran quickly to the fence, seized a rail and ran it out on the ice where Joe could grasp it.

At the risk of his own life he saved Joe.

Carl was now a hero.

'And to think that every other boy ran to save himself and left me,' said Joe to his mother as Carl and he stood beside her; 'and I've called him a coward and all sorts of names, when he was the only brave one in the crowd.'

'I wish my dear boy would be as brave in some things as Carl is,' said Mrs. Downing, touching Carl's A. C. L. pin.

'I will, mother; I won't be mean. I'll do the square thing all my life.'

'Even to signing an A. L. C. pledge?' asked Carl with a smile.

'Yes, even to that.'

Carl pinned his own badge on Joe's coat.

'I am glad I could save you from a watery grave,' he said, 'but if you are true to this badge it will save you from a worse fate.'—'The Boy.'

Do Without It.

Listen to the appeal of the late Dr. John Hall:—'Fathers, do without it for the sake of your young sons if for no other reason. How can you tell but that their swift feet may trip to that destruction on this side of which your slower feet have been able to halt?' The Christian principle should persuade you to leave off drinking for the sake of the weakest and lowliest, and certainly for the sake of those in your own household. Let the young men of your families do as you may think it right for you to do, and what fearful probabilities loom up before you!

Dr. Nott used to remark how those young men who at college persisted in the use of intoxicating drinks soon sank into obscurity and often into drunkard's graves.

It is hazardous to form habits which are so frequently fatal, and it is becoming in all Christian and well-disposed people to exercise by their example a commendable, salutary and restrainig influence over men generally. These are the principles which made the early temperance reformation so mighty. These are the principles which have swept the use of intoxicating drinks out of three-fourths of the prosperous, respectable and intelligent families of America.—Dr. Barrow.

Correspondence

Parry Sound, Dist.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have tried to write a letter to the 'Messenger.' We get it every Sunday at Sunday-school. I go to school nearly every day, and I read in the fourth book. My teacher's name is Miss Annesley. I like her and hope she will be with us after the holidays. I live in the country, about ten miles from the town of Parry Sound. My father is a butcher in the town. He is getting along fine. In summer I go to town to spend my holidays, and enjoy being there very much. MABEL E. L.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm in Grey County. I go to Rockside Sunday-school, and get the 'Messenger.' I have three sisters and one brother. I go to Brook school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Hamn. I have one pet kitty.

MAY R. (Aged 9.)

Sinclair, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm and go to school. My brother takes the 'Messenger' and I like reading the stories very much. I have two brothers and two sisters. I live about six miles from our nearest station. ISABEL M. (Aged 9.)

Fruitland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live between a mountain and Lake Ontario. I live on a fruit farm. I go to school and am in the fourth book. I am a great reader, and have read over a hundred books. I have made two quilts and have three more started. For pets I have three cats, Jippie, Lewis, and Sampson. I have one brother and no sisters. My aunt saves the 'Messengers' for us. They take it in their Sunday-school.

ELSIE B. (Aged 13.)

Jacinto, Ark.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the 'Messenger' very much. It was sent to me by my grandfather, who lives in Canada, about two years ago. I have a pet rabbit. I live on the farm. We raise corn, cotton and all other plants raised in the South. I am in the fourth class in school. I love all my schoolmates. With all good wishes to those who read this letter.

OLIN O. H. (Aged 11.)

Stokes Bay.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school and like it very much. I go to Sunday-school nearly every Sunday and I play for both Sunday-school and church. My father is the blacksmith of Stokes Bay. We had a large concert on July 1. The proceeds were to help build a new church.

Yours sincerely,

NELLIE McL.

Wiarton.

Dear Editor,—It is my first trial to write to the 'Messenger.' I like it very well, especially the Correspondence. I live in Wiarton. I live near the school. I am in the Part Second book. I go to Sunday-school. Papa takes the 'Messenger' for me. I saw in the Correspondence a little girl in Toronto whose birthday is the same as mine, June 25. LUCY B. (Aged 11.)

St. Mary's, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger' and we all like it very much, and I thought I would try to write a little letter. I go to school every day and we play baseball in the summer time. I was born in Manitoba, and moved here when I was two years old. When I moved here I was too small to remember anything about the prairie. I have one sister and no brothers. I have six pets, four cats and two dolls. One doll is named Alice, and the other doll is named Maud. My sister has two dolls, named Nellie and Marion; one doll is two feet long. My papa is a farmer. I am getting a playhouse made.

PEARL A. P. (Aged 8.)

Lansdowne, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have no brothers or sisters. I have a little dog named Rex and a cat named Tom. We all like the 'Northern Messenger' very much. I go to school and am in high second.

MYRTLE M. W. (Aged 10.)

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for about three years and think it is a lovely paper. I like to read the Correspondence. I have been looking to see if there were any letters from Hamilton and I only saw one or two. This is the first letter I have written. Papa keeps a tinshop. I have one sister and three brothers. My youngest brother, Deanie, who is only seven years old says when he's a man he is going to be a minister. My oldest brother is in Woodstock. I have not been able to go to school since April, for I was sick with pneumonia, and I am not going till after the summer holidays. My birthday is on July 24. I am a member of the Herkimer Baptist Church, and I was baptized on Jan. 13, 1901. Our pastor's name is the Rev. T. J. Bennett. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday and I am organist in the infant class. I have no pets. I think Hamilton is a very pretty place and as we live near the mountain we go up there very often in the summer.

LITTLE MAY B. (Aged 11.)

Underwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am six years old. My birthday is in September. I have two brothers. Their names are Alex. and Bertie. We had a dog named Jack but one of our colts ran over him and killed him. We are going to have a tent in the summer. I go to school since summer came.

Port Kells, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like it very well. I go to Sunday-school and church. I go to school every day. We have a very nice teacher—her name is Miss Inglis. I have two pets, a dog named Prince and a cat named Tom. I have three brothers, and two sisters. My birthday is on Dec. 27.

HUGH A. G. (Aged 11.)

Stanbridge, East.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Methodist Sunday-school and get the 'Northern Messenger' there. I read the little stories in it and like them very much. I go to school, and like my teacher; her name is Miss Corey. I have one sister and two brothers. LORENA A. W. (Aged 9.)

Pugwash Junction, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am taking the 'Northern Messenger.' I like it very well. My father is fishing. I have two brothers and no sister. I have a dog and a cat; the dog is named Lady, and the cat is named Molly. I go to school every day. I am nine years old. My birthday is on Dec. 16. I go to Sunday-school. CLARK O.

Goderich, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My grandma takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like to read the Young Folks' page and the Correspondence page. I have three brothers and one sister. I will be eight years old on May 14. My grandma is lame and she cannot move about without a cane or chair. I go to school and I am in the junior second class.

TOMMY E. (Aged 8.)

North Bedeque, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and think it a lovely paper. We live a short way from the school. We all like our teacher very much. My birthday is on March 31. If anybody has the same I would like to know. I have two brothers and two sisters. This summer mamma gave me eight chickens for my own. We have a lovely view of the shore. I like picking berries. I think it great fun when we take a lunch and stay nearly all day. We live about five miles from town. Papa is a farmer; he keeps three horses.

JENNIE R. (Aged 13.)

Dear Editor,—My sister is helping me to write. I am five years old. Papa is a farmer. I go to school sometimes.

HAROLD, (Aged 5.)

Essex, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Having written a letter before to the 'Northern Messenger,' and seeing it in print I thought I would write another and perhaps I will see this one in print too.

We have taken the 'Messenger' now for a number of years, and would not like to go without it for anything. I think the story 'Left behind in the mountains,' was nice and also interesting; but I think it would be terrible to be in the woods and so many wild animals around. Do any of the readers of the 'Northern Messenger' ever have a picnic at their school? We have one every year at 'Lake Erie.' This year we had it on the 14th of June. I will tell you about it. Some person's father takes a waggon and all the scholars go in it. We start from home about nine o'clock and arrive at the lake about eleven o'clock. When we are at the lake we go in for a good time. We generally play games while our mammas are getting our dinner, which we are always ready to eat. After dinner we go in bathing and after that gather shells till lunch time. After lunch we sometimes play such games as croquet and then go home in the cool of the evening. RHODA M.

North-East Point, Cape Sable Island.

Dear Editor,—I saw quite a number of letters in the 'Messenger,' and I thought I would like to write a short one. I live on a small island called Cape Sable Island. It is a very pretty island; it is about twenty-one miles around. My father is a fisherman; he is away now fishing; they get lots of fish. I am keeping a little store and am doing very well now, but do better in the winter. I was twenty years old this summer. My birthday comes on the same day of the month as Ethel G. W.'s does, May 11. S. H. C.

L'Anse-aux-Cousins.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from L'Anse-aux-Cousins, I thought I would write one. My sister is taking the 'Messenger,' We have been taking it for six years, and could not do without it. Our pastor's name is Rev. S. F. Newton. We have three miles to go to church and Sunday-school. Our Sunday-school teacher is Mrs. (Rev.) S. F. Newton. I have a dog named Bull. JOSIE W. D., (Aged 15.)

Dewittville, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am spending my holidays in the country and have a nice time boating and fishing. The people where I stay have a nice pony and I have lots of pleasant drives. While here last summer I was reading the 'Messenger,' and I liked it so much that I subscribed for it when I went back to the city. HAROLD J. (Aged 11.)

HOUSEHOLD.

The One Who Looks Down.

(By Mrs. Helena H. Thomas, in the New York 'Observer.')

The subject under discussion was 'Helpers in the Home,' and the ever-present difficulty of securing such as would not slight work unless closely watched, when one of our number, turning to me, said,—

'I occasionally employ as faithful a creature as you could find if you were to hunt the world over; but she is no longer young, and consequently cannot do two days' work in one, as so many seem to expect transient help to do.'

'Just such a person as I have been looking for,' said I, 'one who will do her best when she is not watched So I will secure her address before I leave, as some left-over fall cleaning remains to be done.'

This I did, and soon found by experience that helpers who are not 'eye-servants' are not extinct. But this woman, who was past middle life, seemed so entirely lost to all but doing faithfully what she was told to do, that after noting what to me seemed unnecessary painstaking, I resolved to tell her that some kinds of work would bear slighting. This opportunity presented itself when I put her to cleaning a rarely used room, and later on saw her mounted on the top of the step ladder so that she could look down upon the door-casing, which she was as diligently cleaning as the visible part of the room. And so I said:

'I like my work well done, but I think some things will bear a little slighting. For instance, no one ever sees the top of that door, and so it hardly seems worth while to give it such a scouring, especially as you seem so liable to fall.'

'Perhaps you are right, ma'am,' said she from her lofty height, 'but I couldn't rest if I did any different.'

I made some laughing reply, as I left her to her own way, but I puzzled over her words until the speaker was about to leave me for the night, and then I asked her what she meant by the remark.

'Well, ma'am,' replied she 'I don't mind telling you, but some ladies would laugh at me if I told 'em why I said that. But I just couldn't rest if I didn't leave the out-of-sight places as clean, every bit, as the rest, for when I'm washing 'em ,like you saw me the top of the door, I think always of the One who looks down, not the folks that look up. You understand what I want to say.'

Yes, I did understand, and I felt rebuked by the humble serving-woman, whose thoughts of him evidently made menial work other than drudgery—for, in spite of poverty and a crippled husband, she always seemed light of heart, but I could not rest without knowing more, and so put the query:

'Was it natural for you to be so painstaking?'

'Oh, no, no,' she made haste to say, 'but I'll tell you how it came about, if you care to hear.'

And then she took the proffered seat, and began her story:

'My folks were poor, and mother knew that I would have to go out to service as soon as I was strong enough, and so she tried to bring me up to do everything just as she did, but I was that heedless that I slighted my work whenever I thought that she wouldn't find it out. But one day just before I went out to service, to try me, like, I knew after, mother set me to cleaning a room, and says she:

'"Now, Sarah, I'm not going to watch you or tell you, as I always have, for I want you to make believe you are working for your new mistress."

'So mother left me alone, and I did just as she had always told me, except that I slighted over the doors and windows. But she knew that her unfaithful girl would bear watching, and so, after she had glanced about, she stepped into a chair, we didn't have step-ladders then, didn't need 'em, either, in a little low house like ours—and then—she saw the dirt I had left. Poor, dear mother, how sorry and discouraged she did look when she sat down in the chair. It seems just as if I can see her now when she said:

'"Oh, Sarah, Sarah, you'll make a no account servant if you don't mend your ways."'

'And then I tried to excuse it off by saying that there wasn't any use of being so particular about cleaning what folks couldn't see if they looked up, even. Then mother talked to me, Oh, so good.'

Here the girl grown old covered her face with her hands and wept silently for a few moments, before she said:

'It happened 'most forty years ago, but it breaks my heart yet to think how bad I made my good mother feel, and it 'most seems like I can hear her now when she said:

'"Oh, my child, if you would learn always to think that the eye of the One who looks down is upon you, you wouldn't ever slight your work."

'You see, I never forgot those words, for the next day I came to the city to work, and the next time I saw mother she was beyond speaking. So you can't wonder that I always tried to do like she wanted me to, nor that, when I work, I don't think so much about what you and other ladies think of my work, but that God sees me. So you see, ma'am, that I just can't slight what I do.'

'I appreciate your feelings,' said I, taking the toil-worn hand of this sister in Christ, 'and I thank you for telling me this. Your mother's words will help me, too, to be more faithful in homely duties.'

'But I must tell you, too,' added the poor woman, as she was about to go to her humble home and crippled husband, 'that now I don't think of Father's eye being upon me, because of what mother said, only, but because it rests me, and makes everything go sort of easy like.',

Thinking of the faithfulness of this daughter of the King, and the cause of it, the thought suggested itself that the injunction which fell from that mother's lips in the long ago, might be helpful to both old and young, rich and poor, if passed along.

'Always think that the eye of the One who looks down is upon you.'

Read With System.

To suppose that by mere intuition alone we can perform wisely and well all the manifold duties devolving upon us requires an amount of self-conceit of which few mothers, let us hope, are possessed. It should not, therefore, be a hardship but rather a privilege, to inform and prepare ourselves for the work which we have in hand. We should seek eagerly and accept gratefully the help which is extended to us; and any mother who intelligently devotes a half-hour's time daily to reading literature especially adapted to her requirements will, I am sure, gladly testify that the assistance which she has gained thereby has more than made up to her in other ways for the time she has thus expended.

Women too often go to extremes as to the time they give to reading. Either they read more than they can assimilate, thus producing a sort of mental dyspepsia, or they get discouraged by the extent of the varied bill of fare afforded them and give up reading altogether. And it cannot be denied that most women read in a very desultory, hit-or-miss fashion. The first thing they happen to get hold of or take a fancy to, usually claims their attention, whether it be a fashion magazine, a cook-book, a novel, a Sunday-school or other paper, a book of poems or the almanac. How frequently we finish something with the reflection: 'If I'd known what that was I wouldn't have read it.' Yet we keep right on adding to the list of such experiences, thus losing much time which might be given with greater profit and pleasure to better things.

Let us, as mothers, cease to be governed so largely by impulse in our reading. Let us decide upon a systematic course to follow, making a wise selection of books, papers and magazines. Let us carefully consider how much time we can give daily, at the least calculation, to this course of reading, and confine ourselves to it during that period of time, even if it be no more than five or ten minutes. Then, if we must have hash, let us reverse the usual method of procedure and take it for dessert, after having conscientiously disposed of our regular rations. It is not how much we read, but how much we appropriate, which counts in the long run. One good thought a day, well digested, will do more for our mental development than a hundred lightly and rapidly passed over with no time for reflection between them.—Addie Davis Fries, in 'Union Signal.'

A sudden and wearing attack of coughing often needs immediate attention, especially in consumptives and those chronically ill. In an emergency, that ever-useful remedy, hot water, will often prove very effective. It is much better than the ordinary cough mixtures, which disorder the digestion, and spoil the appetite. Water, almost boiling, should be sipped when the paroxysms come on. A cough, resulting from irritation, is relieved by hot water through the promotion of secretion, which moistens the irritated surfaces. Hot water also promotes expectoration, and so relieves the dry cough.

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